



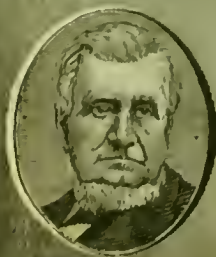
HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly  
Designed Expressly for the  
Education & Elevation  
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Lib. (has 24 of)

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**RUPTURE.**

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

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This is to certify, that I, Joseph Warburton, being a sufferer for more than 30 years with hernia, after using several different kinds of trusses I only received temporary relief. About eight years ago I underwent an operation, the doctor using the knife, I only received relief for the time being. On June 20th I went to the Fidelity Rupture Cure Co. and had their truss fitted to me and received my first treatment. I wore the truss night and day for five weeks and took six treatments. On July 25th I was discharged as cured and received my Certificate of Cure which is a guarantee for future exigencies.

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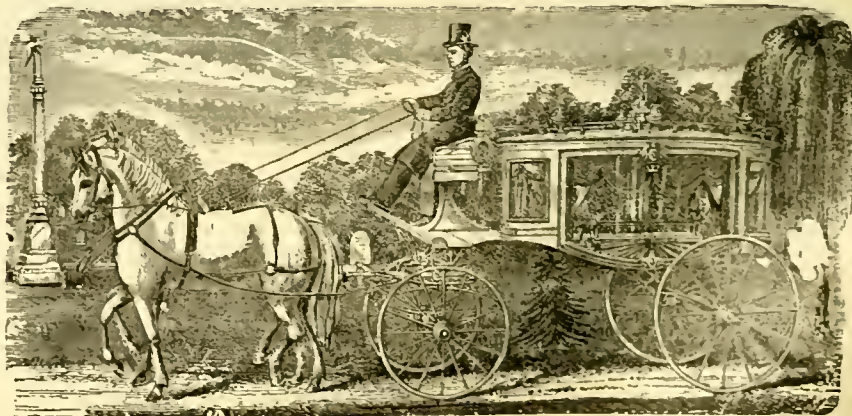
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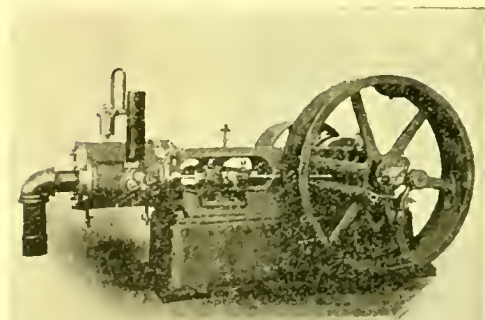
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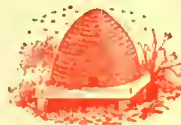
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS



VOL. XXXII. SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1897.

No. 18.

## THE PIONEERS AND OTHERS.

### What They Did and How They Did It.

#### XII.—THE TELEGRAPH SUPPLANTS THE PONY.

THE passing of the pony was one of the sounds echoed from the border-land late in the spring time of 1861. He had seemingly become an indispensable factor in our insular civilization, but as the mule train cannot do business when there is a railroad to do it, so cannot a pony express continue when brought into competition with harnessed lightning. A charter had been granted by Congress to Edward Creighton of Omaha for the construction and operation of a transcontinental telegraph system, and the line was reaching to us from both directions. About the middle of July the superintendent of construction for this division, whose name was James Street, set up the first pole on Main Street of this city, at a point opposite to where is now a mercantile establishment just north of the Deseret National Bank. In the building which then occupied the ground the first telegraph office was established. Piece by piece were the pony's runs curtailed and little by little were the pauses occurring after different dates in the dispatches shortened, showing in an unmistakable manner the gradual approach of the electric

messenger. Finally the line builders out of this city made connection with those coming from the East and on the 17th of October the instruments were put in place, the first click announcing the annihilation of time and space between the Great East and the Far West sounded and recorded another grand epoch entered upon in the onward march of our inland empire.

The superintendent having tendered to President Young the privilege of sending the first message over the wire, he at once drafted a congratulatory dispatch to the President of the (then) Pacific Telegraph company which concluded with the assuring words that Utah had not seceded but was firm for the Constitution and laws of the land, adding that the Territory was warmly interested in such enterprises as the one then completed. This dispatch was dated the day following the actual completion of the Eastern division of the system, at which time naturally everything was in better working order and was as stated the first message ever sent by telegraph from this city. A little more than fourteen years had elapsed since the sender, weary from exposure, hardships and unremitting endeavor in behalf of his people had set his foot upon the soil, a period within which a hundred souls had become a hundred thousand, a thousand dollars in values

had swollen ten thousand times, the rigors and rebuffs of nature were overcome, and one of man's greatest achievements in the dissemination of intelligence had placed him and his again within the charmed circle of progressive civilization! These and many other thoughts must have surged through his mind as the consummation which gladdened his heart was brought before him and the means placed at his disposal of sending with the speed of a sunbeam a greeting back to the land where he and those of his faith were not permitted to live, enjoy peace and pursue paths of happiness! What a history it all was, and how impossible is it to grasp with a mental effort the fulness of its consequences!

To the message of President Young a courteous reply was made by President Wade, his words being fervent with friendliness and esteem and expressive of the greatest good for all concerned.

Immediately after the transmission of the first message, a second one was dispatched, this to President Abraham Lincoln at Washington and signed by Frank Fuller, acting Governor of the Territory. This was much more effusive, containing extravagant protestations of loyalty and bristling with such patriotic periods as must have warmed up the wire along which they sped. Of course it was a great occasion and doubtless the Governor was trying to be equal to it, but I am somewhat of the opinion that a careful analysis would show that he got a long way beyond it. A very brief, modest reply was received on the 20th, as follows:

"WASHINGTON, D. C.,

"Oct. 20th, 1861.

"*Hon. Frank Fuller Acting Governor of Utah Territory:*

"SIR—The completion of the tele-

graph to Great Salt Lake City is auspicious of the stability and union of the Republic. The Government reciprocates your congratulations.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Not a great deal of commercial business was done for a while, as may readily be understood. Congratulations, felicitations, greetings and all that sort of thing had to be attended to, and there was much reason for it. Utah had taken on an added dignity and



A. MILTON MUSSER.

made a plunge toward the fore by reason of the telegraph's advent, and it was clearly impossible to appreciate the occasion more than its importance justified. The good and patient people of this tried and true commonwealth now began to reap some of the reward of their patient, plodding industry and uncomplaining seclusion from the busier haunts of men, they were in instantaneous communication with the world at large.



The news no longer bore the date of several days previously, but of the same day, and not infrequently the relatively same hour as when received.

It was a mighty transition, sure enough, but it was not the end by a great deal—rather the commencement of the improved order of things. With that keen insight into the needs of the people and that class of statesmanship which recognizes the hand of progress in the mortal status, making the luxury of yesterday the necessity of today, President Young was not long in devising the ways and means by which the whole of the Territory should be joined in the mystic tie which made us in point of inter-communication a part and parcel of the world at large. We must have a telegraph line all to ourselves! Of course so grand a step forward could not come immediately, but it is a belief founded upon the strongest kind of circumstantial evidence that the first communications were no sooner passed over the Pacific Telegraph wires than the great leader determined then and there to extend the field of electric transmission on his own and the people's account, just so soon as the means for doing it could be raised. In the latter part of 1865, the scheme took shape in the issuance of a circular letter from the President's office to the bishops of the different settlements, requesting their aid and co-operation in the matter. The replies were spontaneous and hearty and the success of the project thus assured beforehand. Without waiting for the enterprise to take on a material shape, the President took time by the forelock in the establishment of a telegraph school wherein such of the young men as desired to do so might become measurably proficient in the art of reading by sound, and thus have everything

in readiness for business so soon as the construction was completed. This school was held first in Brigham's family schoolhouse which still stands near the Eagle Gate, but subsequently it was removed to the Council House at the corner of Main and South Temple streets but long since destroyed by fire. The school contained about thirty pupils, who received practical instructions with real instruments, the teacher being John C. Clowes, an operator of the Pacific Telegraph office. Everything being in readiness the line of the Deseret Telegraph Company was formally opened on December 1st of that year. E. C. Stickney, superintendent of construction and also an operator, proceeded to Ogden and set up the instruments there, then awaiting the electric flash from Salt Lake which was not long in coming. Mr. Clowes opened the office here and all the others save the one at Ogden. It was located in the President's office and at the appointed time the sharp click of the "sounder" announced everything in readiness and the usual messages of congratulation passed. Another step forward was gained.

The offices to the north were opened first, then came the greater task of putting the long southern division of the wire in working order. Provo received the first attention, then Payson, Nephi, Scipio, Fillmore, Cove Creek, Beaver, Parowan, Kanarrah, Toquerville, Washington and St. George in turn. From each of these the usual expression of congratulation and thankfulness were transmitted and appropriate replies received.

The company was duly incorporated on the 18th of December, with the following officers: Brigham Young, President; Daniel H. Wells, Vice-Presi-

dent; William Clayton, Secretary; George Q. Cannon, Treasurer; A. M. Musser, Superintendent. The latter continued in office for several years, and although at first a total stranger to the telegraphic code and the "inner workings" of the system, he progressed in the matter of acquiring the needed information quite rapidly and in addition to efficiency gave the whole system a business like attention which under

ably ahead of the others in the matter of expertness and close attention to what proved to be a rather dragging business. The people were now enjoying outer and inner communication to the fullest extent.

*S. A. Kenner.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A DAUGHTER OF THE NORTH.

### Atelie Visits Relations.

#### XIV.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 541.)

ELEGANT steamers make weekly trips along the rugged Norwegian coast. They carry the mail, passengers and general express and freight matter, and are in every respect modern boats.

A few weeks after Atelie left Strand she was on board one of these boats. She was to make her visit to her relations, and they lived in different places along the coast. They were mostly fisher folk, a few being farmers and woodsmen up in the interior.

Atelie had not heard a word from Strand since she had left. Not even Halvor had sent her a line in explanation, or remonstrance, or apology. He had evidently acquiesced in his mother's actions and so the end of the whole matter had come. There was nothing more for her to do in that direction. She could go her way—Halvor did not care how, or where, or when. If he did care, he would let the stern demands of propriety check any further intercourse with her.

The sea was rough that day. The wind was blowing up a storm, and the air was cold. Atelie sat in the warm salon. She had pushed back the curtain before the window and was looking out towards the rocky coast. What



WM. B. DOUGALL.

the circumstances could scarcely have been surpassed, and he was quite popular with the employees of the company. He was succeeded in 1876 by William B. Dougall, who still holds the position. The latter is also a thorough-going business man as well as one of the best practical telegraphers in the United States or elsewhere. In the early days when the "boys" were occupying their different places along the line, Brother Dougall ranked consider-



a wonderful coast it is! The distant mountains are already covered with snow. The near strip of coastland is gray, bare and bleak. The patches of green have become brown and mingled their colors with the gray rock and yellow sand. Fog banks hang over some of the outer islands and projecting headlands. What a mingling of rock and water all along this coast! What everchanging scenes of desolation and grandeur, quaintness and beauty! Now the boat goes bounding over a rough, open piece of water. The coast recedes, only to loom up ahead. Then comes the interminable maze of islands, among which through narrow passages the steamer winds in and out. Groups of fisher huts cling to the rocks. Boats and nets and fish refuse line the shores. Tiny strips of brown grass and stubble between the rocks show where a few bundles of barley were raised and a few boat-loads of grass were cut. A boatman comes out from every station with the mail and perchance a passenger and a few goods, and exchanges his load for one of the same kind taken from the steamer. The boat passes on close to a beetling crag where a flock of sea gulls make the air resound with their cries. In an hour the boat drops its anchor opposite a red-roofed town, situated at the mouth of a fjord. The fog hangs low down over the stil' water protected by the mountain walls. Boats come darting out, the brawny boatmen vying with each other to secure a passenger. Big flat boats lay along side and the steamer's hoisting machinery rattles and pulls up barrels and casks and stows them away in the hold. Fishing boats are continually passing, coming in loaded and going out again. Then up rattles the anchor and the steamer heads for an opening in the coast.

As Atelie sees it all from her window her heart goes out to her native land and its people. They are not many, these hardy descendants of the Northmen, scattered as they are along the zigzag coast of the North and among the green valleys of the interior, but they are strong in many good things. Honesty and integrity are deep rooted national characteristics. Plodding and slow they may be, but they live, and live honestly by the labor of their hands.

"But they lack the Gospel light," said Atelie to herself. "Why can they not see its glorious principles? Thousands of good honest souls there are scattered among these islands and fjords. Would that I were a man, and that I might become a missionary. Surely I could show these people the truth, and bring new light into many a soul that is perishing for want of the words of light and life."

She drew the curtain. The evening was coming on. The electric lights threw their brilliancy over the room. Atelie picked up a book from the table. It was an account of a foreigner's visit to Norway, and he summed up his experiences in the following paragraph.

"Whenever I close my eyes and see Norway and her people in retrospect both seem to blend in solidified strata of perspective. Down there, almost on the sea level in the lower valleys, are the scout folk with solemn faces and solemn ways; so measured and exacting in toil or pleasure that they suggest huge lichens which have clung through the storms of ages to the mountain bases of stone. The next stratum is an intermingling of forest, rock, moraine, and waterfalls; the latter so stupendous and fleecy that they seem like shattered descending glaciers, arrested in their

headlong course and frozen into a white so wondrous that no earthly art can attain its purity. Above this is a thin layer of human and herds, the very color of the snow-streaks and rock-grays interspersed—the salter folk and their flocks that pass the brief summer thousands of feet above their kin and kind. Then come the measureless mountains, rock and ice fields of utter solitude and desolation; the whole crowned by countless ghostly peaks of ice, far above the clouds, an awful realm of frozen silence between the last vestige of natural life and the eternal infinite."

That evening the captain spent fully an hour talking to Atelie, and the time went pleasantly until they reached Skarpen, her destination. There an uncle and two cousins, sturdy fishermen all, rowed out in their best boat to receive her. They greeted her heartily and soon deposited her and her baggage on the beach a few rods from the house.

Aunt Karen had supper ready for them, and Atelie was welcomed by the rough, open-hearted relations in a royal fashion. The king would not have received a heartier welcome; the best sailor in Norway—and especially when that person was a girl—is surely of as much consequence as a king.

Days lengthened into weeks at Skarpen. Atelie enjoyed the life by the sea, and slowly but surely she got the confidence of her many kindred. During the long fall evenings when the men were busy with the repairing of nets and lines, Atelie turned the usual talk of fisher lore into other directions. She had begun very carefully, but soon they were interested; and then she took down their well worn Bible and read and explained to them as they worked. With wonder they listened. This girl told them more scripture in one even-

ing, they declared, than the priest had in a year. The neighbors were told of the wonderful learning of the young woman and they came in to spend the evening and listen. Thus evening after evening Atelie preached the Gospel to them, and quietly sowed seeds in many an honest heart.

The gathering of her mother's genealogy also occupied some of her time. She visited the old church records and was able to get a great many names. This took time and much research, but she entered into the work with her whole soul. Why not? She had nothing else to do now, and the work kept her mind from dwelling on other topics which she wished to forget.

The first snow fall came. It covered the uplands, but the lowlands by the sea were still bare. Atelie now visited another of her aunts up in the country. They were poor farmers, and showed their doubt in being able to properly entertain their "fine lady relative." But Atelie soon put them at ease on that matter. She entered so gladly and willingly into their mode of living that the uncouth, awkward people soon were at ease in her company. Atelie always carried with her the same kind and gentle spirit. Had she not received of the spirit of God? Had not His servants sealed the holy flame upon her to be a light unto her, to warm her and cheer her? She would not hide her light under a bushel. So she went among the cold, cheerless souls of her relations and friends accompanied by her divine comforter and companion. Slowly the warm ray penetrated into the congealed soul; softly and tenderly it coaxed the sleeping life; then, as the spring sun warms up the soil and covers it with green life, so the spirit of God slowly melted the hard soul and relaxed it into



a more passive mood. Then the continuous play of the benign rays started the growth and soon beautiful blossoms and foliage appeared. "If perchance God shall desire fruit here," thought Atelie, "some missionary may now come and carry on the work."

Atelie was much interested in the daily life and work of these simple country people. She had not known that there was such a variety of life even in her own country. The farmers of her region were usually well to do people, whose lands were large enough, at least, for a wagon and a horse to turn around upon; but here she found that the farms consisted of small patches of soil between the rocks. Rocks and hills were everywhere; and even the sea twenty miles away stretched its greedy arm into the land as if to grasp what level land there might be in the lower valley.

Atelie talked "religion" at every proper opportunity. Most of her people took kindly to her doctrine, but a few objected to it. Among them was her uncle. One day Atelie went out to the stable where one of the girls spent most of her time. In the division of labor, Marie was to look after the cows and sheep. Atelie found her cousin sitting on the hay crying.

"Well, cousin Marie, what's the matter?" asked Atelie.

"I hate to tell you, cousin. I don't know whether you will forgive me or not. It's about that book you lent me."

"You're forgiven, Marie. It's all right. Tell me about it," and Atelie seated herself on the hay beside the girl.

"Well, you know father don't like the way you talk about religion, and I was afraid to read the book in the house. So I have been reading it out here. You know that tending the sheep and

the cows, the feeding, the milking, and all that, make me nearly live altogether in the stable. Well, this morning I became so interested in my reading that I did not see father come in. I was late with the milk and he in his anger jerked the book from my hand and threw it in the fire where the water was warming for the cows."

Marie looked tearfully at her cousin.

"O, that's nothing to cry about," laughed Atelie. "I have another book of the same kind and I'll lend it to you. Never mind." And then they talked of other things. Marie told Atelie about their life in the summer. How they tilled their tiny spots of earth, and how they raked and scraped together every tuft of grass to make hay enough for the cows. How that when the level patches had been cleared they took their boats and rowed to the rocky islands and headlands and gathered the bunches that there grew, loaded the hay on their boats and rowed back home with it in the evening. Then Atelie told her cousin about Heimstad and invited her to come and visit her next summer. Marie smiled and shook her head. "Who would tend the cows?" she asked.

After a few weeks Atelie went back to Skarpen. She had a faint hope that some letters would have arrived for her, perhaps a note from Halvor. But no; not a word was there. "All, right," thought she, "I'll stay a little longer. I'm no use at Heimstad, and I may do some good here."

So Atelie helped the girls indoors. She gave them many valuable lessons in fancy work, and how to make their poor homes neat and attractive. She was much on the sea. It had a charm for her yet. Often she went with the boys to set the lines and haul them in again.

It was confirmation day, and the whole fishing village went to church. As the house of worship was situated on a headland across the fjord, the people cleaned out their boats, hoisted the square sails and a whole fleet sped before the wind. Atelie did not go that Sunday. She and her cousin Maren spent the day together.

Towards afternoon the sky in the Northwest became dark. The wind increased and it looked rough for the home comers. About four o'clock the boats began to return. The storm had grown no worse but that something unusual was in the wind was evident. As each boat load landed, the men gathered in groups and talked and gesticulated.

Maren and Atelie went down to the shore and discovered that the cause for the excitement was that Granbugh, a bay about ten miles away, was full of herring. A whale had been seen in the offing and it had driven the herring up into the bay. The whole village was excited and until late that night preparations were made for an early start next morning.

*Nephi Anderson.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME tears belong to us because we are unfortunate; others because we are humane; many, because we are mortal. But most are caused by our being unwise. It is these last only that of necessity produce more.

THERE is no moment like the present not only so, but moreover there is no moment at all—that is, no instant force and energy but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterward.

BETROTHED people are apt to be absorbed in each other to the exclusion of other friends. There is a great temptation to lovers to withdraw themselves from other interests, to make the parents and brothers and sisters who have loved the girl all her life feel that they are no longer necessary to her, that her heart is gone from them while her form is in their midst. Nor is this selfishness altogether on the part of the man. The girl sometimes acts as if she thought she should have sole possession of her lover to the exclusion of his relatives. But it would be a nobler love, and one that would promise more for future happiness, that would hold the old ties more nearly and dearly because of this new one, dearer than them all, which would be sedulous to spare the home circle any slight, any sense of loss beyond the inevitable one of parted presence.

THE essence of humor is sensibility, warm, tender, fellow-feeling with all forms of existence; and unless seasoned and purified by humor, sensibility is apt to run wild, will readily corrupt into disease, falsehood, or, in one word, sentimentality.

Carlyle speaks of "the divine relation which in all times unites a great man to other men." It is only as we perceive this relation and recognize its immense significance that we can ever truly honor humanity or estimate the real value of its highest manifestations.

To resist the healing power of time and strive to keep alive the sadness which might of itself fade away, is to do a wrong to our own nature and to our usefulness in the world. All sorrow is weakening, and to indulge it is selfishly to destroy our value to our friends and to the community.

## A HALLOW E'EN ROMANCE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 536.]

As the guests entered the handsome front parlor, they burst into a round of applause at the picture which met their gaze.

Upon a throne, which was magnificently draped in green plush to represent moss and artistically bespangled with flowers and autumn leaves, sat the fairy queen Titania, a pretty child of six, with a crown of daisies surmounting the thick crop of long flaxen curls.

Directly in front of the throne but nearer the center of the room, stood the wishing well, the curb entirely hidden by autumn leaves and the arch which supported the bucket, and the bucket itself a mass of red and yellow chrysanthemums.

After the noise had subsided Sister Russel seated herself at the piano and played while the young people settled themselves into seats.

After the music she said: "The gentlemen will please come forward, one at a time, and pay their homage to Queen Titania.

One of the gentlemen advanced as gracefully as his winding sheet would allow, and bent the knee before the queen. "Sir Knight, what wouldst thou?" she said to him in a pretty childish treble.

"I crave permission of your gracious majesty to select the name of my future companion at the wishing well, which marks the center of your majesty's domains."

"Thy request is granted, Sir Knight."

He then bowed and approached the well, and selecting one of the cords which hung from the bucket into the bottom of the well rapidly drew it up and secured the slip of paper which gave him the name he was to be called

by while remaining in fairy land and the corresponding name of his lady love, and then began the search among the girls for the one who bore the same name written across the top of her mask.

After they were all paired off Queen Titania arose, and waving her wand to command attention said:

"My subjects must now proceed to explore the witch's cave, and the Garden of Hesperides in search of the tree which bears the golden apples. All knights who bravely defend their ladies from the dragons and return with one of the golden apples, shall be rewarded with the Badge and Hercules, or—well—or lunch, which ever he may prefer."

"You'll find, little fairy, that most of the gross mortals invading your tiny kingdom will prefer loaves and fishes to glory," remarked Brother Russel laughing.

A peal of laughter, from her admiring subjects, proved their appreciation of her little speech, and their host's comment thereon.

Clem, with the aid of a little sly maneuvering from his mother, felt reasonably sure that it was Edna's little fingers which clasped his own while they were ascending the two flights of stairs into the attic in search of the Garden of Hesperides. He did not dare to look into her eyes which were raised to his with a look of inquiry and perplexity in them, lest by some means she should recognize and fly away from him before he had had a chance to discover himself to her and seek an explanation of her conduct toward him.

As they entered the Garden, which occupied the whole garret floor, the first thing to greet their eyes was a banner inscribed with the legend: "Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here."

"Do you think it a true augury," she



inquired watching his face, or rather what little she could see of it curiously; and he knew she had asked the question simply for an opportunity of hearing his voice that she might obtain some clue to his identity.

"No, indeed I do not," he replied, meeting her eyes for the first time, for he trusted that the dim light would sufficiently shield him. "We will change the banner when we return, to 'None but the brave deserve the fair' or 'Love conquers all things.'"

They sauntered on around the room which was arranged with pictures of skeletons upon the walls, and ghastly faces peeping out from the shadows which appeared to be hung up by the hair, and quite a menagerie of lions and tigers and wildcats and snakes (stuffed of course.)

The other girls shrieked or tittered but she only grasped his hand a little more tightly and with a half hysterical laugh said: "This room is quite as much a surprise to us girls as to you gentlemen. Brother and Sister Russel arranged this themselves, and would not allow us a peep at it. Don't you think it admirably done?"

"It is, indeed. Here is a couch covered by a tiger skin in this corner. Would you like to sit down and rest a moment, after climbing those tiresome stairs?"

She gave him a quick furtive glance, and then seating herself with another ghost of a laugh replied:

"I don't mind sitting down a moment, but I think you must have very sharp eyes for I couldn't tell a tiger skin from a real live tiger in this dim, jack-o-lantern light."

"I was cast on an island in my youth, and used often to sit on the shore and gaze far out over the foaming

billows, hoping to see the fairy queen in her tiny boat coming to bring me a letter from my lady love. I suppose the constant practice of looking at a distance strengthened my eye sight though they were never gladdened by a sight of the much wished for letter."

"I have been puzzling my brains over your identity ever since you claimed me as your Pandora. I can't help believing Sister Russel has rung in Captain Cross in the place of one of the young gentlemen who excused themselves, in order to get a joke on Aunt Belinda. You are Captain Cross, are you not?"

"I believe I am naturally rather cross, mother used to say so sometimes, and I often feel my cross rather heavy, especially when I am crossed in love, but as to being addressed by the title of Captain, I think I should prefer a more endearing title."

"How would uncle suit you.?" she replied warmly. "I would rather have you for my uncle than the pompous banker with twice his money, there! And when I get an opportunity I intend to tell Auntie so, too."

"I thank you kindly, for your interest in me," he replied, laughing.

"Well, you don't seem to take it very seriously," she retorted with some umbrage. "You make me feel like I imagine I should feel if I had taken advantage of leap year privileges and proposed to some young gentleman and been rejected."

"Just offer yourself to me, and see if I will reject you."

"Who are you anyway? I am as much at sea as ever."

"Take me for your pilot."

"Not with a mask on," she smiled.

They sat for a moment quietly gazing around them. Presently she said:

"Rather a gruesome place to rest in, don't you think? Skeletons grinning at you from every side, and wild animals glaring at you with their big glassy eyes or crouching as if ready to spring at your throat, and—Ugh! I did not see that horrid snake before," and she clutched his arm nervously and nestled instinctively closer to his side.

It was all he could do to keep from clasping his arms around her, but he only said playfully:

"Fear not! Your knight will protect you from all the dead snakes in Christendom, and the live ones too, for that matter. How Eve does hate a snake! Have you lost your amulet, or have you thrown it away?"

She glanced at her finger.

"I've lost it, I'm afraid. It was a ring, and was too large," and she hurriedly arose and looked around for it.

He stooped and pretended to pick it up.

"Here, hold out your hand," and as she readily complied, he slipped a ring on her finger, retaining her hand in his. It took but one glance to show her that it was not the amulet, but her unlucky engagement ring, and a dreadful certainty took possession of her.

She dropped trembling into a seat, vainly endeavoring to snatch her hand away.

She threw up the other one and pulling his mask from his face, exclaimed, half in anger, and half in tears:

"Clem, Clem Russel, how dare you!"

"Edna, you are cruel. What have I done that you should return my ring and letters with an angry demand for yours and no word of explanation? The lowest criminal that walks the earth would expect to be told why sentence had been passed upon him."

"What would be the use of telling him what he already knew?"

"But I don't know."

"Do you deny all knowledge of the insulting thing some people might call a valentine, you sent me from England on last St. Valentine's day?"

"Edna, you are crazy!" adding reproachfully, "how could you believe such a thing of me."

"I wish I could believe you did not do it, but there was not another soul in the whole united kingdom who so much as knew my name, unless you told it to him, and the envelope was addressed in your handwriting."

He sat earnestly thinking, with a puzzled expression on his face, for a moment, then he said:

"Edna, Arnold Colvin called at my rooms about two weeks before St. Valentine's day, on his way to Paris, where, as you know, he was going to study art. You remember how mischievous he always was, and a little jealous of me, too, I think. I had just written to you and was addressing the envelope when he came in, so I hastily folded the letter, and putting it into the envelope, thrust it into a book.

"While we were talking the President of the branch came in and said he wished to see me a moment on business, so I excused myself to Colvin and the President and I went into the other room. When we returned, I was surprised to find Colvin gone, but found a note on the little desk, stating that he was obliged to go, as he had an appointment, but that he would call again, which he never did.

"Afterward, when I took the letter out to post it, I was surprised to find it sealed, but concluded I must have sealed it and forgotten about it, so sent it along.

"I suppose in his search over the desk for a bit of paper to write his note on,

he came across the letter, and the temptation to practice a joke on me was too strong to be resisted, so he had withdrawn the letter and substituted a insulting valentine instead."

She was sobbing now, and he placed his arm around her and endeavored to remove her mask, but she held it tightly.

"I haven't seen that sweet face for over two years," he pleaded.

"I am ashamed to let you see the faithless little wretch," but she finally yielded, nevertheless, and smiling at him through her tears, said:

"I think that naughty Robin Good-fellow must have dropped some juice from the magic flower upon my eyelids, and that it has taken a sight of you to restore me to myself, but I'll never, never be so foolish as to doubt you again."

"I am glad to get some of the hope from Pandora, as well as the troubles," he lovingly replied, and they sealed their renewed compact with a kiss.

After a blissful half hour of exchanged confidences she sprang to her feet. "Clem, we must go down so as to be present at the unmasking. And we haven't seen the witch's cavern yet. Have you any idea how long we have been here? The others might have gone down ages ago for all idea I have of the time."

"Thank you, Edna. You compliment me on my powers of entertaining," he said teasingly, which brought a blush to her cheek.

"But we are all right as to the time. I can't get at my watch, but we haven't been here more than two minutes at the outside."

"Thank you, Brother Russel, you turn the compliment very prettily."

"If you look at me like that, I shall

not be able to let you go for another half hour, at least," and he made a dash at her, but she deftly evaded him.

"Please fasten my mask, quick, Clem. I hear some one coming up the stairs," and they had barely time to re-arrange their draperies before Sister Russel put her head in at the door.

"Oh, you are here. I was beginning to get uneasy about you. You must hurry so as to get a glimpse of the witch's cave before the unmasking. It is eight minutes to twelve."

One glance at the two, though she could not see their faces, had satisfied her that everything was all right, and she hurried back to her guests well pleased with the result of her diplomacy.

Things had not been progressing quite so smoothly for poor John.

In the first place, in spite of all his boasts he had not been able to locate Amy for some time, and when he did she was several paces ahead of him. fully engrossed with the wonders of the Garden of Hesperides, and the remarks of her witty companion and utterly unconscious of his presence and the eager glances with which he followed her about the room.

He had just about given up all hope of hitting upon any plan to get her to himself when a lucky accident favored him.

Almost all the couples had taken a hasty survey of the room and then eagerly sought out the witch's cave to have their fortunes told, so that it was now almost deserted.

Amy had lingered a little behind her partner examining a handsome piece of coral, and was hurrying back to join him, when just as she came opposite to where John stood, she caught her foot in a bearskin rug and would have fallen.



to the floor had he not rushed forward with open arms to receive her.

His costume had not been arranged for any such desperate encounters, for as he bore her to a sofa his sheet caught on a nail and went trailing along behind him, dragging the mask off with it.

"Bravo, John!" exclaimed Noel Hastings grasping him by the hand. "This is a surprise. Come on Eva, I think these two can dispense with our company. 'A fair exchange is no robbery,' John."

"I think I must have a chance to kiss my cousin first, Noel," replied Eva, rushing up to John.

"I've no objections, if you will serve us all alike," returned Noel.

"Say, John, is Clem here?"

"Please, Eva, don't ask me any questions, and don't 'give me away' down there. I want to see if I can fool my mother with a mask on as completely as Benjamin Franklin did his with his mask off." He had been standing by the sofa with Amy's hands in his, and as Eva and Noel disappeared down the stairs he drew his sweetheart to a close embrace and kissed the radiant face.

"I came just in time to keep you from going down stairs head first, didn't I, Amy?"

"Oh, not quite that bad, John, but you showed me your bonny face just in time to keep me from fainting away from fright," she replied, caressing his sunburned cheek with her hand.

"It don't seem fair for me to see you before your mother does. Let's arrange our masks and go to the cave."

"Give me another kiss first, Amy."

"But there is a couple over there in that dark corner. They will think we are so silly."

"Not more silly than themselves, I dare say. Judging by appearances

they are too fully engrossed with each other to remember if there is any one else in the world." A noisy group was standing at the entrance of the cave making the air resound with their merriment when John and Amy approached.

"Here comes another couple tempting fate," exclaimed Noel Hastings, who, with Eva, had lingered to see the fun.

"Ladle out another dish of your enchanted liquid, Granny, so as to bring them under your potent spell," and he handed the mug of the steaming liquid she gave him to Amy, remarking aside, with a laughing glance at John: "Hot lemonade, madam. Excelient for sore lips."

"Come forward, lady, commanded Aunt Belinda, but as Amy seemed to hesitate she quoted, with a reassuring smile:

"Dislike me not for my complexion;  
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun."

With her right hand held fast in John's, they advanced and she extended her left for the witch's inspection.

Aunt Belinda examined it a moment and then announced:

"Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you,  
Juno sings her blessings on you."

Then glancing at John: "Now, young man, its your turn."

He then gave her his hand but she no sooner got a good square look at it than she snatched the mask from his face and made a dive for him.

"You rascal! did you think you could fool your old mother? I have washed that hand too many times to be mistaken in it now."

They hugged and kissed each other delightedly, and when the last lingering couple from the upper regions made their appearance, she implored: "Oh,

don't besiege me for any more fortunes. My own fortune has come home to me and I can't invent another future for a year."

A long, shrill blast from the Queen's bugle, with the announcement, "three minutes to twelve," brought them all trooping down stairs again.

Clem took his stand near his father and when the clock struck twelve the electric lights were turned on, and every face uncovered.

And then the greetings, and the hand shakings, and the congratulations, and afterward the stories exchanged around the bountifully laden lunch tables, I will leave to the imagination of my readers, and will only add that every participant conceded "The Hallow E'en Party," the greatest success of the season.

*Essie Layhew.*

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### "THE ZIONIST CONGRESS."

AN international congress of Jews was held last month in Basle, Switzerland. It was called "The Zionist Congress," as its object was to give impetus to the re-gathering of Israel to the Promised Land, with the view of there establishing a Jewish State and rebuilding Jerusalem. The calling of this Congress has profoundly stirred all classes of Jews. Strangely enough, many leading rabbis are opposed to the movement. Men who pray every day, "Oh God have mercy upon us, and all Israel Thy people, and upon Jerusalem Thy Holy city, and upon Zion, the residence of Thy glory; upon Thy altar and upon Thy temple, rebuild Jerusalem, Thy Holy City, speedily in our days and lead us there that we may rejoice in the rebuilding thereof," spiritualize their prayers so effec-

tually that they have no more definite meaning than has the ordinary Christian's petition to the Almighty "Thy kingdom come." Many of the Jews of these latter days belong to one of two sections: one of these classes regards Judaism as only a religion, the other esteems it simply a matter of race; it is a question of blood *vs.* creed. To an extent, and a very deplorable extent too, both these divisions are apostate to the original, the true spirit of Judaism. Those who regard the house of Judah as simply the standard bearers of a peculiar creed may possibly be excused for twisting the glorious promises and prophecies of Isaiah and other ancient worthies regarding the restoration of Israel to the land of his inheritance, from their evident intent, but no such excuse can be offered for those who regard Israel as a race and a people—a people who are the subjects of Jehovah's immediate care, to whom He has given the promise that they shall be His first born among all the nations of the earth, and that, with power and an outstretched arm He will gather them in the latter days to their former home and make them powerful and great.

Those who favor the "Zionist" movement argue that the re-gathering is a necessity. They assert that the anti-Jewish feeling (generally called anti-Semitism) is growing rapidly in the world until it is now almost universal in continental Europe. One writer who takes this view (Max Nordau) declares that hundreds of thousands of Jews "are living in the most awful squalor and misery conceivable within the confines of the Jewish pale of Russia or among the wild Kurdish tribes of Asia Minor. The inhabitants of these congested districts—I refer particularly to the pale—are not only suffering from dire privations, but

their vitality and that of their children is gradually being undermined, and the race is threatened with both physical and moral degeneration. Ill-fed, ill-housed, anemic mothers can give birth only to puny, sickly children. It is for the salvation of these poor people that there arises the necessity of prompt action. All but the wilfully blind must surely see that if the present condition of things lasts in a few years from now the Jews of the Russian pale will be past regeneration.

It is further argued that this feeling of distrust and hatred towards Israel is deepening in intensity and extending its limits, and the question is presented, why should the Jews forever dwell in a hostile camp, when the land of their fathers is open to them to possess?

There is a great difference of opinion among leading Jews as to the feasibility of their colonization of Palestine. Some claim that the Ottoman government will readily sell them the territory they desire to acquire. Others think differently, and the weight of evidence is on their side; for thus far the Turks have shown no inclination to aid, in any way, the return of Judah. Mr. H. Guedalla, of London, says, "Sir Moses Montefiore spent an enormous sum in the Holy Land forty-five years prior to his death, besides a vast amount of labor, and it is well known that in 1876-7, 1, as chairman of the committee of Turkish Bondholders, who had invested 240,000,000 pounds sterling, was engaged actively for five years, at great expense, endeavoring to get land in Palestine in return for the unpaid coupons." Of course, without success, as present conditions show.

This is a subject of great interest to Latter-day Saints. We know that the Jews, by God's mercy, will return to their ancient prophets. Further, we

perceive that a beginning has been made, the work of re-gathering has commenced. Before the Lord turned the keys in this latter dispensation and Apostles opened the gates, Jerusalem was little else than a living tomb; she was a city of the past, a relic of by-gone ages,—no Jews were permitted to reside within her walls. But today the Holy City is metamorphosed, almost everything is changed; she has become a city of electric lights, daily papers, and street cars; modern improvements and nineteenth century institutions are noticeable on every hand; she has outgrown her walls, and her suburbs are struggling up the sides of the surrounding hills, while 60,000 Jews dwell beneath her shades. Nor is this all: the agricultural colonies established in various portions of the land are nearly all self-sustaining and prosperous, so much so that some of them are actually profitably exporting their products in large quantities to European markets. All these changes are signs that the day of Israel's re-gathering has begun.

It is possible that the Zionist enthusiasts may not be the ones that the Lord will use to accomplish His designs; it is altogether more probable that He will use many agencies rather than one only in the fulfillment of His word. Doubtless the wrath of man will be made to praise Him, and the insane anger of the Gentiles against His covenant people will be in His hands a strong lever in forcing them to draw nigh unto Him and to bring to pass His purposes in re-filling the land which He gave to Abraham, His servant. However it may be, the means are a secondary consideration, when all these signs, the Zionist Congress not the least, show that the time for the fulfillment of the words of the servants of God, in both ancient and



modern times, has arrived. For the regathering of the Jews means much more than their simple occupancy of the land of their fathers. It betokens many other great events of the last days, and is a precursor and inseparably connected with the building up of the kingdom of God, the coming of the Messiah, and His reign in the midst of mankind as King and Lord of the whole earth.

*The Editor.*

### HISTORICAL ENGLAND.

#### The Monuments of London.

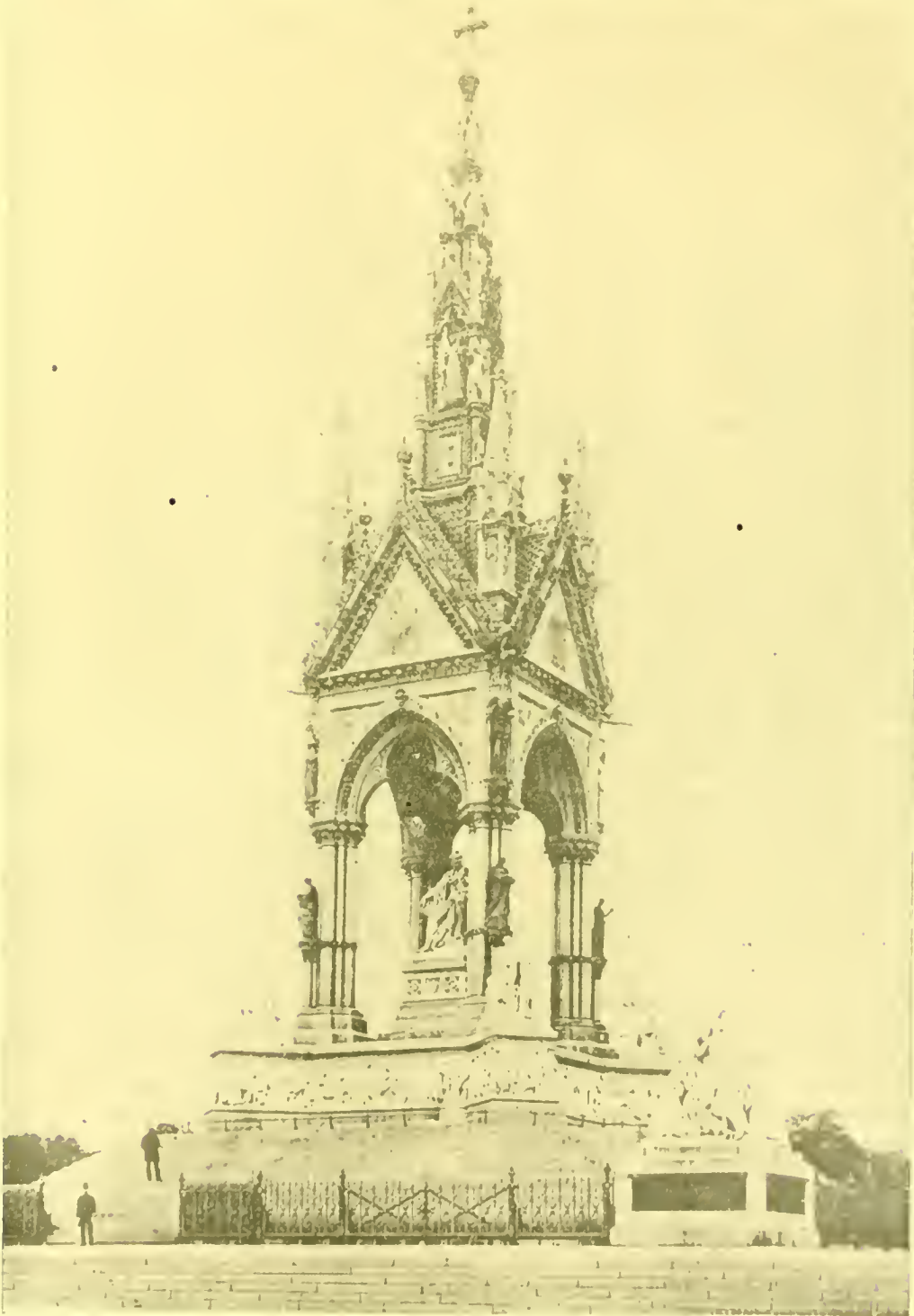
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 539.)

THAT the English people are a hero-worshipping nation is apparent when one glances at the numerous statues and heroic monuments that are to be encountered at every hand throughout the length and breadth of London. On Cornhill reclines Peabody, the philanthropist, in his chair. In Leicester Square Shakespeare looks down upon the French Colony from his pedestal. In the squalid east end Gladstone gazes thoughtfully down the Mile End Road, while Beaconsfield in the aristocratic West End seems to be engaged in studying the botany of the lawn at his feet as he stands on his granite column.

However, the majority of handsome memorials are not devoted to the gentler sciences and arts; far from it. It is to the heroes of fire and sword, shot and shell, that the most imposing monuments are erected. The biographies of the half hundred warriors and admirals who have fought, bled, and made England the nation she is, would furnish an interesting and thrilling library of narrative, and England in recognition of the same has invariably invested these heroes with titles, pensioned their posterity, and otherwise kept their memory green by

erecting, in the majority of cases, supremely hideous bronze effigies of the individuals in question, for Britain's youth to gaze upon and emulate. However, it seems that even in the matter of monuments that there are exceptions to the rule, for in Kensington gardens is situated the most gorgeous monument in the world. Although it stands some one hundred seventy-five feet high, it is not the largest memorial pile extant. At the same time when one takes into consideration the detail work connected with it, in conjunction with the sculpturing, mosaic work and gilding, (which when the sun shines would make any respectable circus band-wagon turn green with envy) he is forced to admit that it is a wonderful structure. This beautiful monument was erected to the memory of the late Prince Consort, at a cost nearly equalling one million dollars. Prince Consort, the late husband of Queen Victoria, was noted for his peace-loving disposition, and the great love that he had for science and education. It was under his personal supervision that the first world's fair was held in 1851 upon the site of the memorial, and we all know how these world's fairs have grown in size and popularity from time to time.

The Albert Memorial, as has been stated, is one hundred seventy-five feet in height, four flights of steps lead up to it, each terrace being thirty feet wide and of solid granite, and running round the memorial are over two hundred life sized figures and portraits cut out of white marble, of representative men famous in all the arts. Immediately above these at the four corners are allegorical groups representing commerce, agriculture, etc., while below at each corner of the handsome railing, are situated further similar groups representing the four continents, the one in



PRINCE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

the fore part of the illustration being that of Asia, America with its red Indians and buffalo stands opposite, but it is hidden from view. Of course the central figure beneath the canopy is the representation of the Prince. Taken altogether, the Albert Memorial is a very striking structure, notwithstanding that some carping critics call it glaring and vulgar. This national monument of respect to one who has done so much for domestic England, was erected by Parliament, the people, and the Queen's purse conjointly.

Quite a different style of monument is that of Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square, which Sir Robert Peel considered to occupy the finest site in all Europe. Needless to say the square is named in commemoration of Nelson's famous victory, a substantial addition being a monument to the hero of the British people. This monument is one hundred forty-five feet in height, the statue of Nelson being over seventeen feet high. The four huge lions in bronze at the base were designed by Sir Edward Lundseer, the great animal painter. Every English-speaking boy has heard of Nelson, how he rose from a humble midshipman to be the greatest admiral excepting none. Nelson seems from the first to have been a plucky boy, for ere he had gotten out of his teens one reads of him tackling a polar bear with the butt-end of a musket upon an ice floe in the arctic regions, whither his ship, according to orders, had been sent. But for such men as Nelson, who were so sorely needed at the close of the last century, to keep the all-conquering Napoleon in check, Britons possibly might not be whistling "Rule Britannia" with the assurance that they do. Space forbids even a brief mention of Nelson's numerous naval victories, (without a

single defeat.) But one cannot pass by Trafalgar; the story of the world's greatest naval battle is not so well known in America but that it will bear retelling.

"'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay," off the coast of Spain on October 21, 1805, as the British fleet of wooden ships, some twenty-seven strong, bore down upon the combined fleets of France and Spain consisting of thirty-three vessels, that Lord Nelson signalled that historic message, "England expects every man to do his duty," which was rather a peculiar order when one considers that Nelson was not exactly performing his duty, from the fact that he was undoubtedly disobeying orders. Nevertheless the temptation was too strong for this battle scarred, one armed, and one eyed intrepid admiral to resist. If he won he knew that he would be if possible still more the idol of his country; on the other hand, if he lost!—But then he was not made of such craven material to contemplate such a dire calamity.

Under full sail in a solid double column—I say solid advisedly, because of course each ship had to have steerage way—the English fleet headed for the enemy's double crescent. Fighting in those days with wooden sailing ships, no steam, no bursting shells and torpedoes to scatter death and destruction in their wake, was a totally different affair to our modern means of naval warfare. Their most deadly missiles were solid iron cannon balls, not by any means as big as a football, chain and bar shot, (two cannon balls joined together with a chain or bar) that were very effective in bringing down masts and rigging around the ears of those against whom these choice missiles were directed. The ships would each maneuver to pass behind the stern of the enemy and rake



her fore and aft with a broadside discharge of her guns that would cause a sickening carnage among those who were working the guns between decks. Finally they would come into actual contact, when grappling-irons would be thrown aboard the opponent; the ships would then be inseparable, and the issue fought out to the bitter end, with cutlass, boarding-pike and musket, until one or the other struck her colors. The enemy's line as before stated, consisted of thirty-three ships that by the advantage of size, as well as numbers, had the superiority of about 350 cannon; 10,000 land troops were also distributed throughout the fleet to ensure success by boarding; the vessels were further furnished with fire-balls and combustibles in order to set fire to the English ships. When it is stated that they had the above number of ships, it is meant first class battle ships, carrying from seventy-four to 110 guns a piece. Of smaller craft such as frigates, thirty-six guns, schooners and cutters carrying ten guns each, they had some twenty more as opposed to the Englishman's six. I get my authority from English works, possibly the Spanish and French would place another version upon it. Be that as it may, the two columns of British fighting ships advanced; the van or weather column being led by Nelson in the famous old man o' war Victory, which now lies at Portsmouth, a silent and grim memento of those stirring times. The rear or lee column was headed by Vice Admiral Collingwood upon the Royal Sovereign, a three decker of 100 guns, that promptly broke through the opposing lines in gallant style. The Victory was not so fortunate, but passed down the line belching forth shot and smoke to which polite attention the ever courteous

Frenchmen replied with interest. Nelson, finding it impossible to penetrate the lines, made for the eleventh and twelfth ships, seconded by the English ship Temeraire. These four ships for a considerable time made things excessively lively for each other. So close together were they, that the flash of the Victory's guns set fire to the Redoubtable, her more immediate opponent. In this state amidst the hottest fire, the spectacle could be seen of the British seamen coolly throwing buckets of water to extinguish the flames on board of their enemy's ship in order that both might not be involved in one common destruction. Nelson all the time had been very anxious to come between the Bucentaure, the French Admiral's ship, and that of the Spanish Santissima Trinidad of 136 guns, the largest ship in the world. The Bucentaure, however, anticipated this move and shot ahead, whereupon Nelson quick as a flash, passed under her stern and raked her. The Frenchman replied with four broadsides, Nelson ordered all the three deck port hoies to be opened, and sent a double shotted broadside that caused the enemy to heel over. The Victory now turned her attention to the Santissima Trinidad that Nelson from the fact that he had fought the same ship before on the celebrated 14th of February, 1797, familiarly called his "old acquaintance." Side by side lashed together these ships fought, the seamen stripped to the waist were loading guns and fighting hand to hand repelling boarders. The carnage was fearful for the united strength of both ships reached 2000 men with guns, muzzle to muzzle. Amid the crash of falling masts and yards, with fires breaking out on all sides, amid this babel of horrors and the shrieks of the wounded stood Nel-

son upon is quarter deck directing the battle. An enthusiastic Englishman (Harrison) thus describes the scene: "Our hero amidst this most terrific scene appeared to be in his glory. He was quite enraptured with the bravery and skill of all under his command, he was not displeased to find that the enemy in general fought like men worthy of being conquered, of being themselves conquerors in a better cause. In a dress richly covered with the honors, which he had acquired by his powers in former battles, he stood a conspicuous object of worthy emulation to all the heroic men who surrounded him."—Here the author indulges in a fulsome tribute to Nelson's bravery—"Amidst the conflict of cannon fired muzzle to muzzle, showers of bullets were directed upon the quarter-deck; where the distinguished hero stood \* \* \* the stump of his right arm, which he always pleasantly denominated his fin, moved the shoulders of his sleeve up and down with the utmost rapidity as was customary when he felt greatly pleased. \* \* \* In the meanwhile the murderous desire of the enemy to single out the officers continued growing more and more manifest. Of 110 marines stationed on the poop and quarter deck upwards of eighty were either killed or wounded. Mr. Pascoe, first lieutenant of the Victory, received a very severe wound while conversing with his lordship, and John Scott, Esq., his lordship's secretary was shot through the head by a musket ball at his side. Captain Adair of the marines almost at the same instant experienced a similar fate. A few minutes afterwards Captain Hardy, who was standing near his lordship observed a marksman in the mizen-top of the Bucentaure, which then lay on the Victory's quarter in the very act

of taking a deliberate aim at his beloved commander. Scarcely had he time to exclaim, 'Change your position my lord, I see a rascal taking aim at you,' when the fatal bullet unhappily smote the hero; and having entered near the top of his left shoulder penetrated through his lungs, carrying with it part of the adhering epaulette, and lodged in the spinal marrow of his back."

Nelson was prevented from falling by Captain Hardy to whom he said with a smile, "They have done for me at last." They carried him below, and although he was suffering intense pain, he gave directions as to the battle from time to time. In the mean time a young fifteen year old midshipman named Pollard, had marked the man who fired the fatal shot, levelling his musket he brought the fellow from his lofty perch.

*Geo. E. Carpenter.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### A JUBILEE TRIBUTE.

##### Being a Lecture on "Brigham Young and the Pioneers."

BEFORE civilization had attained to the stage at which communication between man and man could be made by inscribed symbols as well as by spoken words, there was manifest a disposition to be worshipful, to look above and beyond immediate surroundings for the source from whence they instinctively realized that all life and power and perchance they themselves proceeded, and herein was the foundation of what, elaborated and systematized under the influences and guidance of enlightenment and inspiration, our race knows as religion.

If we take Holy Writ as a guide, man's early history is inseparable from

religious duty. But while the Israelites were the chief actors in Scriptural lore, the idea of a God was prevalent among all other peoples. In fact the belief in a Savior who should be born as man to redeem humanity, was almost equally as prevalent, and in the time of Octavius Cæsar the Romans at their sacred meetings mentioned that the times foretold by the Sibyl were near at hand, in which a child should be born who would banish the rule of iron. In the sacred books of the priests, they said the "earth was to be thrown into commotion" and men from Judea should subject everything to this dominion;" and not only this, the very Cross of the Redeemer was held in singular veneration and by many tribes in the East ages before the Son of man came.

But apart from the Christian religion, there have been countless forms of worship indulged in by the human race. The serpent, the sun and moon and heathen gods and goddesses have been the ideals of the race in the imperfect condition out of which the natural instinct for veneration has been developed in the ages ago; but in all times religion has had much to do in shaping the world's mental configuration. Coming down to later years, when religion took the form of Christianity as recognized by us today, we find that the church has been the basis of earth's civilization. Religion has blazed the paths through the wilderness, not only in our own land but in regions beyond the seas. It had all to do with the settlement and much with the up-building of our own matchless commonwealth. The Pilgrim Fathers, austere and invincible at the time by their very Puritanism, lighted the lamp of civilization on Eastern shores, and yet, before that, the incipient dominion of the church had been

felt in the sun-land of the South where Indian chants alone blended with the gentle zephyrs of the skies. Ere the venturesome Coronado raised the flag of Spain in Arizona in 1540, the edifying influences of the church had suffused the rude inhabitants of that region, and Mexican and Papago harmoniously followed their pastoral pursuits.

The self-abnegating padres of the Catholic faith set up the altar of spiritual guidance, and by its influences sought to cultivate the heart and mind of the plastic pagan. This they did through all the vicissitudes of more than 350 years, save when the light of life and spirituality was extinguished in a deluge of blood. The same is true of Idaho in late years; in a similar sense, Montana as well.

From the earliest days, not only in our own history or that of Mexico, the church has ever been the voice crying in the wilderness. It has prepared the way for the dominion of the State. The pages of history bear this out faithfully, but they also show that the church has frequently assumed the power of the State. Take England as an example. Before the birth of Christ, the Britons were imbued with the religion of the Druids, brought over from Gaul in much earlier times. Strange and fearful as that religion was, it was a means to tribal betterment, notwithstanding its mysticism, tortures and human sacrifices. But from the time of Julius Cæsar down to early in the 11th century, especially after the establishment of the Roman religion, the power of the church became almost paramount. The entire kingdom was placed under an interdict in the reign of King Stephen, and excommunication was another weapon by which the clergy sought to wield and maintain their



theocratic power. From that time on until only recently the history of that land has been punctuated with turmoils between church and State, and they have ever been most disastrous to the church. Blood and treasure have been sacrificed in the attempts made by the one to dominate the other, when each should have maintained its separate identity. While it is true, as I have said, that in the history of Christianity the church has pursued its path of civilization into the wilds and solitudes of the earth, and set up the altar of industry, making the desert to glow with the smiles of kindly nature, developing religion into commonwealth and commonwealth into organized form; yet nevertheless, when such form has been secured in the sacredness of organized political existences, then the potential forces of that condition have ever been responsible for the progress and upbuilding of the community. The years that have rolled along through strifes and bloodshed since religion first sought to enter the political domain and politics invaded the sanctuary are hideous with stains and scars, and mark the epochs of the people's fatal errors. The devotees of religion, since the Christian era dawned, who have sought to subjugate and control the body politic and thereby establish a church which should be temporally as well as spiritually supreme, have at times succeeded and, like the green bay tree, prospered for a while, but the pages of history and all human experience have shown that such a condition has ever resulted in social conflicts, disorders and ultimate revolution. On the other hand, the arrogance and ingratitude of secularists in control of the political machinery have wrought persecution, disaster and in many cases ruin. Regardless of the axiom that has

at all times been shown to be a veritable truism, "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," the iconoclasts and extremists in politics of high and low degree have oppressed and in places suppressed organized religion only to find it later on and elsewhere springing up from its ashes and growing with a steadier and healthier growth than before. We thus find a religious denomination which in our own land was broken up and scattered like chaff before an angry blast, gathering its tattered remnants together and in a place far beyond the haunts of civilized man again setting up its sway. Instantly, and as if by the wand of enchantment, the church becomes a power in the land; indeed, it is not straining at conclusions to say *the* power in the land, since there was nothing but nature and nature's uncultivated offspring to oppose. The church cultivated the former and made friends of the latter, thus increasing its sway. What else was there to look for, under such circumstances, but the upbuilding and maintenance of a system of government which made the forms of statecraft the means by which ends were sought, rather than the ends themselves? It was realized that man must be ruled, and there was but one practical method, which was applied in every department and under all circumstances. For some time ecclesiastical domination along all the lines of life was undisputed and indisputable; but the beginning of the end became manifest at last, and showed itself when the parent State sought out its exiled children and sent its own governors and regulators among them. That the ministrations and official performances of these men amounted at first to so much dumb show so far as ruling the people

was concerned, need not be denied because true and because inevitable. The populace had found guidance and progressive leadership elsewhere, and by the force of habit, if nothing else, had ceased to look to the State for aid, comfort, or protection. But this could not last. Isolation was its only source of virility, and step by step the march of the leveler beat a tattoo upon the barren soil which alone yawned between the pursuer and the pursued, the patter and clatter of the advancing host which bore aloft the banner of the State becoming plainer and plainer, and at last the outposts were taken, the entrenchments destroyed, and the citadel was captured. The representatives of secular as against religious rule were in possession, and thenceforth the church must, like the primeval owners of the soil upon which it reared its dominion, retire to the reservation graciously accorded it by the conqueror.

We can readily comprehend that habits and customs long engaged in become finally a second nature, if not in fact so completely interwoven with our first nature as to be an integral part of it. It is thus easy to understand that all the experiences acquired and principles inculcated in former times have not been eradicated, nor is it desirable that they should be. Slavery no longer exists as an institution in this land, and yet in the South are many of the race formerly in bondage who have all along refused to accept the boon extended to them, preferring to remain with their former masters because to them no other life is enjoyable; so it is in the other case. All the people do not go to lawyers for advice when in trouble; not only by the force of habit, but because of a belief—a knowledge in some cases—that they can do better in

all respects by consulting their ecclesiastical chiefs, they go to the latter. Many disputes over property and personal rights are still settled in that same inexpensive and equitable way, the way which the church adopted and carried out, for some time to the practical exclusion of the other method by which ill will is often engendered, the substance of the thing in controversy is sometimes eaten up entirely and always largely curtailed. The same thing applies to other social procedure, the Bishop or the President frequently taking the place of the Judge or the solicitor, and not in the least, as a rule, to the disadvantage of the one seeking advice. This does not threaten, let alone assail, the domination of the State, any more than does the confessional of the Catholic or the discipline of the Baptist. Such things are parts and parcels of religious beliefs with which the State can properly have nothing to do. When this is understood and carried out; when the things that are Cæsar's remain as Cæsar's and the things that are God's remain as God's; when the church does not seek to invade the domain of the State and the State is not permitted to interfere with the proper workings of the church; when intolerance on one side and bigotry on the other shall have entirely disappeared—then will the problem have been fully solved, and in no place has the solution been more nearly reached within the comparatively brief period during which the contention has been going on than here in Utah.

To those whose training has been within sacred lines, those who have borne the travails, perils and trials inseparable from the pioneering work of the Church in Utah, or those who have descended from that class and

have acquired a knowledge of such privations as a heritage, it may not sound agreeable to hear of the work laid out and carried forward as the result of ecclesiastical inspiration being thus aligned. But, just or unjust, is it not so? I am more than willing in some cases to agree with those who hold the State to be the ungrateful offspring of the church; but so it is; and having outgrown its parentage it does not always stop with inactive ingratitude, but proceeds to take full possession of the structure.

In Utah we have had a long but varying series of object lessons on this important subject. The Pioneers who braved the wilds and planted the nucleus of civilization a thousand miles from the habitations of men, could not have succeeded in their grand purpose if they had been actuated by mere speculation, adventure or political zeal, conditions which take root and flourish under strictly secular rule more than any other. They were actuated by the same design that those who forsook their homes in England 300 years ago were actuated by—a determination to observe such forms of worship as their consciences dictated and which would not be tolerated by the State. Manifestly, therefore, a land must be sought out in which the State had no footing and no control. In either case it meant turning their backs resolutely upon the friends, associations and scenes that had known them throughout their lives, and enduring all the privations of a region where only barbarity and desolation held sway. The Utah of today has been evolved out of the Utah of the past, but it has not brought the old contention as to the functions of the State along with it, except in a steadily diminishing degree,

and we may look to the immediate future for a complete cessation and extinction of this social conflict, a condition which compared with the conditions of long ago seems to be absolutely Utopian.

*S. A. Kenner.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit of life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts made by successive generations of men; the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid.

THE hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful amusing thoughts—or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other is always enjoying it.

OUR speech is but a fractional part of our real influence. Without undervaluing its power, it is not to be denied that the very same words which at times inspire emotion, infuse desires, and control the conduct will at other times leave the heart cold and the life unchanged. It is not, then, the words themselves, but what they convey, that gives them their power. They are but a medium to carry thoughts, feelings, desires, resolutions; and, if they are not charged with these, they fall flat and powerless. Heart speaks to heart in a language of its own, and it understands no other.



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# Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPT. 15, 1897.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### ADOPTION OF "MORMON" IDEAS.

NE of the comparatively unnoticed, because indirect, results of the preaching of the fulness of the Gospel by the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been the great change in the trend of religious thought with the people among whom it has been preached the longest or with the greatest liberty. It is no uncommon thing now-a-days to pick up a book or newspaper containing essentially "Mormon doctrine." This would not be remarkable were it not that the ideas thus presented are so opposite, so opposed to those believed in and taught in the churches before the advent of the Latter-day work.

We were remarkably struck with this fact a few days ago while glancing over a copy of *Public Opinion*. On one page of that periodical devoted to current religious thought, in the shape of extracts from recent religious newspapers, we found quotations on various topics, many of which were distinctively "Mormon." Perhaps not expressed in the language common to our Elders—for we very generally have a style of expression somewhat peculiar to ourselves—but the thoughts, the ideas, the doctrines were ours. For instance, one writer in the *Christian Age*, speaking of "The life to come," says:

"The duties of the present life are

clearly made known to us by God, but He has not seen fit to reveal the duties of the life to come. The perfect holiness and happiness of the soul are made known, but the activities in which it will be employed during eternity are a sealed book to us. There can be no doubt that there will be services in that life. The human soul is essentially active. It cannot be dormant. When it is sanctified and made perfect its original nature will not be changed. Activity must be a condition of its happiness. All the moral strength we acquire in this world will doubtless find room for exercise in the world to come. The greater our progress toward perfection here, the better shall we be qualified for service there. God assigns different positions and labors here, so He may assign different positions and labor there. One who may have occupied an inconspicuous position here may be assigned a very conspicuous one in heaven. We know that the will of God will be perfectly done in heaven. True religion is an education for the life to come. It is a most unworthy idea of religion to regard it only as a means of escape from the punishment of sin. Nor is it a preparation for death. Death is simply the close of our preparation for the future life. As it closes our preparation, we should work while day lasts. All that we can do for the honor of God here, and all that we can do by way of preparation for honoring Him hereafter, should be done before 'the night cometh.'"

Though the phraseology of this writer may differ from that used by our brethren if they wrote upon this subject, yet how many of these ideas correspond with the teachings of the Gospel! How widely different also are they to the old doctrines so universally

taught regarding the great object of life (to prepare for death,) and the condition of the soul after we have passed the portals of the grave! Were we to change slightly the style of language used in the above extract it could be very well taken as a portion of a discourse by one of our Elders.

A little lower in the same column we come across a paragraph from the *English Churchman* which expresses views akin to ours on the subject of inspiration:

"Men can know nothing but what He allows them to discover. The thousands of worlds revealed by the telescope in the regions of space are beyond any wisdom or knowledge attainable by man. Zophar the Naamathite said truly, 'Canst thou by searching find out God?'"

In another place, but on an entirely different subject, that of the observance of the Sabbath, the *Christian Commonwealth* says:

"The old Epicurean maxim, 'Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die,' being never obsolete, the world at frequent intervals witnesses a spirited revival of materialistic tendencies. The mania for pleasure is at this moment undoubtedly springing up in our cities.

\* \* \* Another evil omen is the persistent determination to abrogate what the enemies of a Sunday of repose are pleased to sneer at as the 'Puritan Sabbath.' The uppermost ideas in the minds of people who do not really think at all is that ease, frolic, and enjoyment are the chief good."

This complaint is one that is made of places nearer home than the *habitat* of the *Commonwealth*.

These extracts, especially the first one, show that the influence of Gospel teachings is visibly affecting the thought (and consequently the progress and

history) of the world. We may lament because so few of the children of men have courage sufficient to come forth and enter the Church by baptism in response to the pleadings of the many hundred missionaries now in the fields; but if the results in this direction appear to us to be lamentably meagre, we yet have the consolation of knowing that the teachings of the Elders are influencing the ideas, if not the lives, of millions, and that the whole belief of Protestant Christianity is changing under this influence. This change being for the better, and in the direction of the accomplishment of God's purposes should not be under-estimated by us when we are considering the results of our missionary labors, or the effect that the development of the Church of God is having on the history of this age.

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Few people are dull while they are diligently employed—none who take an interest in their work and try to do it well. It is when they lay it aside, and and with it all sense of responsibility, that things sometimes take on a sombre and colorless aspect.

The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves.

If you cannot govern your tongue, though within your own teeth, how can you hope to govern the tongues of others?

It is pointed out by a scientist that the world's most precious gems are composed of the commonest substances.

## Our Little Folks.

### Notes From a Little Journal.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 487.]

JANUARY 9th. At 11 a.m. we sailed from Vancouver for Union, where they had to take in nine hundred tons of coal. They use two and one half tons an hour.

Elders Wm. Henry Corey, John Richie, John A. Ahlstrom, Thomas Clayton, Chas. C. Bush, Wm. Robinson, Alma Hubbard and A. Waddoups, and papa and mamma and I were all on deck when the ship *Miowera* sailed, that is the ship we were on.

The sea was calm but the atmosphere being foggy they could not travel fast and before the day was through the fog became so bad that they had to anchor twice.

We arrived at Union about midnight where they loaded the coal. The way they loaded the coal was that the car track on which a train load stood, was on a sort of a trestle work, way up in the air above the ship, and they had a sort of a trough or a large slide which extended from the train to the ship, and they would dump a whole car load down this at once, and as fast as one train load was emptied, another would come; and in that way it kept the lot of Chinamen busy all night, and our room being right next to the place we got the full benefit of the noise.

The next morning we had to go back quite a distance in order to get on the track to Victoria, Vancouver Island, and all the way we had to travel through ice about an inch thick. We got along all right that day and were congratulating ourselves about not getting seasick. We got to Victoria about midnight where they took on board six or eight new passengers and also a lot of freight.

We left Victoria about six o'clock the next morning, and about 11 a.m. we came to Cape Flattery which is the last land we see for about seven or eight days. There were a great many that morning who could not finish their breakfasts as we were getting farther out into the ocean where the swell was greater and the waves larger; and it therefore gave the passengers a very queer sensation, and made them feel as though they wanted to go to their berths and have the little pan hung on the side of the bed; and they really began to think they were going to have that terrible disease called "sea sickness," after all, if they did have such great hopes the day before.

January 19th, we were up on deck looking around, all feeling very anxious, as we were expecting to land that night, and we felt about like you would imagine a dog would feel that was very fond of meat and had not had any for a year or two. While sitting here in this state of mind Brother Robinson came running to us and said he had seen some very large flying fish and wanted us to come to the point of the ship and see. When we got there papa said it was a school of porpoises.

They would appear in the white caps on the top of the waves and then leap out into the air one after another, so that it gave us a good view of them. They appeared like a lot of children playing "back out." It was a grand sight that we are glad we did not miss. Though the ship was sailing at the rate of from fourteen to fifteen miles an hour we could see them swim past the vessel much swifter than we were sailing.

A little before 11 p.m. a blue light was burned to signal the pilot who came in a little boat with four natives propelling it with oars. We only had



about a mile to go after the pilot arrived and when he got there they let a rope ladder down for him to climb up by.

When we arrived at Honolulu, President S. E. Woolley and Elders Mendenhall and Fifield were there to meet us, but we stayed on the boat all night, and Elders Ahlstrom, Bush and Waddoups went up to the Honolulu Mission House where they stayed over night and went out to the Laie Plantation the next day with President Woolley.

We stayed with Brother Fernandez, until the 28th of January, when Brother Woolley came and took us out to the plantation. While we were at Sister Fernandez they took us out riding nearly every evening and we had a very pleasant time and enjoyed ourselves immensely. We had a lovely time on our way to the plantation, and when we arrived we met all the missionaries and had prayers and supper, and then went to bed for we were very tired.

*Vilate Pearl Burton.*

#### **A Sketch of My Grandfather's Travels.**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 551.)

WITH great difficulty they crossed the mountain called Lee's Backbone. Darkness of night overtook them while they were going down the mountain. Grandfather's wagon got caught against a large rock. The side of the mountain was so steep that their wagons seemed to stand on ends; and they concluded to camp, and turn their horses out.

When morning came, they found their horses had strayed off. Nevertheless, they praised God. For they saw that had they gone on in the darkness, they must have been dashed to pieces before reaching the foot of the mountain. One wagon wheel was about to have run off.

Their horses nearly perished for want of water. It took the company three days to find their horses and travel ten miles to the Navajo springs.

Just before they reached Tuba, Brothers Tenney, Stewart and McAllister left grandfather and Brother Maughn, with their families, and went on to New Mexico. They returned, and met grandfather at Balanger's Camp; and reported that the hearts of the Indians had been hardened by the words of unwise teachers. They accompanied grandfather and Brother Maughn on to Lake's Camp; where the two families stayed for a month, while grandfather and the other brethren went on to the Zuna villages.

Grandfather said he should never forget the reception given by the head Chief, who had been baptized, and whose name was Laminuna. He and his wife were thrashing wheat on a rock. It was a beautiful day, the sun shone brightly. Grandfather was introduced to them by Elder Tenney, as their father in the Gospel, in the Spanish language, with which the Chief was familiar. The Chief took his hat off, and was about to worship grandfather; but he forbade him, and told him to thank the Great Father.

In a few days, a great excitement arose among the Zunas there of whom there were about 82,000, located in three villages. It seemed that all the powers of the evil one were aroused to try to break up the mission. Some of the Indians who had once belonged to the Church had apostatized.

The brethren held counsel with the leading men of the Zunas, and asked permission to move their families in with them, and to dwell there as missionaries to teach them the Gospel. The Elders felt that grandfather and

Brother Maughn would be justified in returning home and reporting a failure. But grandfather said he would never return home until he had accomplished the object of his mission.

After that, the way was wonderfully opened up, by which they established a home, adjacent to the Zuna villages.

*Alvenia Savage. Aged 11 years.*

WOODRUFF, NAVAJO CO., ARIZONA.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I live in Mill Creek But I was born in St. Johns, Arizona. There are lots of lovely little boys and girls down there. We came over the road by team. My little brother Bruce would sit in the horse-collar to eat his dinner; he looked like a little rose-bud blooming in the sand. There are five sisters of us; our names are Pearl, Amber, Coral, Ruby and Opal.

*Coral Walters. Aged 10 years.*

BEAVER CITY, July 22rd, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I have never written to the JUVENILE, and I am fourteen years old. But I like to read the little people's letters.

I go to Primary and Sunday School, as I think all of the little folks should. My ma tells me I must read good stories. I am reading the life of Christ, and it is very interesting. I hope this will be accepted.

Your little reader,

*Clara Robinson.*

NEWLAND, NEVADA.

July 8th, 1897.

DEAR CHILDREN.—I have written once before, and was very pleased to see my letter printed with the rest in the

Letter-Box. We have a school teacher from Missouri. He is very kind.

I must not write much this time, for fear of taking too much space.

Yours Truly,

*Lucy L. Rice.*

CHUICHUPA, MEXICO.

August 14th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—As I have seen many little sketches in the JUVENILE, I thought I would send one.

We live in a beautiful valley, surrounded by tall pine trees. There are a great many kinds of lovely flowers here, from the first of July until late in the fall. The grass also is lovely.

I like to live on a farm, we have so many pets. My brother killed a large bear about ten days ago.

My mamma has taught me to knit, sew, and braid. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR.

*Lois Martineau. Aged 11 years.*

CHUICHUPA. August 18th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I have a baby brother ten months old. He has brown hair and blue eyes. There are many flowers here; the tiger-lily and the begonia grow here, and are very beautiful.

We raise potatoes, corn and oats. And we milk cows and make butter and cheese.

*Edith Martineau. Aged 10 years.*

BENTON CO., MISS.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I live a long way from Utah. Elders Rodney Ashby and Sidney Reynolds are at our house. Today is Sunday, and we had Sunday School at our house.

Elder Ashby talked to the older folks, and Elder Reynolds talked to us little ones. He told us about Daniel in the lions'den, and Joseph sold into Egypt. He

taught us how to say prayers and to sing "Do what is right, let the consequence follow."

We love to have the Elders come to our house, and sing and preach to us. I am not a Mormon yet, but I am going to be baptized soon, and so are my pa and ma. I have one brother and one sister. We help our pa in the cotton and corn. We love to help our pa and ma.

Elder Reynolds read some of the stories out of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to us, and he told us that where he lived, little children wrote them. So I thought I would like to write too.

*John Childs, Aged 11 years.*

MOUNT PLEASANT.

July 9th, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I have never written to the Letter-Box before, but thought I would like to try to do as nicely as the other children do.

The other morning I was reading about Apostle Parley P. Pratt's boyhood days. I think he was a very good gentleman, and was inspired to do great and wise things pertaining to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ on Dec. 19th, 1895, in the Manti Temple; and was confirmed by Brother John B. Maiben.

My mother died when I was five years old. I still remember her good counsel and kind words to me; and I shall try to conduct my future life as she would wish me to, and to emulate her good examples.

We have a kind and indulgent father, who does everything in his power for our comfort and happiness. And if we do as he wishes us to, we shall not go far astray. I say we, meaning my brother, my little sister and myself.

I go to school regularly during school session and take great interest in my studies, hoping to live to be a good and useful member in the Church and Kingdom of God.

*Clementina Beatrice Ericksen Aged 10 years.*

CENTERVILLE DAVIS CO.

July 2nd, 1897.

TO THE LETTER-BOX.—Our baby is nine months old today. I think she is very sweet because she is the only sister I have, and I have four brothers. I have a little garden, and have some beans, corn, peas and squashes. I like to hear my mamma read the stories to the Letter-Box.

*Hugh Woolley, Aged 6 years.*

COLLEGE, UTAH.

July 12, 1897.

DEAR CHILDREN.—Being a reader of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, I want to tell you about my baby brother. He is sixteen months old, has blue eyes and rosy cheeks. I think you will agree with me that he is very sweet when you hear my story. The other day he came in with a honey-bee in his hand and said to mamma, "Look!" Now, don't you think he must be sweet if the bee would not even sting him?

*John W. Dunn, Aged 8 years.*

SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.

July 6, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I will tell about our home in the White Mountains, on the head waters of the Little Colorado. We live on our ranch in the summer, and milk cows and make butter and cheese. For the winter we move into town 12 miles.

I have a little sister three years old named Wilmirth. We have three pet lambs, and a little dog named Bounce.



Papa is teaching Bounce to bring the calves in for him. There are lots of pretty flowers here; and birds that sing very sweetly.

I read all the letters in the JUVENILE, and enjoy them so much.

I was 7 years old the 22nd day of last March.

When I write again I hope to do better.

With much love to all the little folks,  
I am your friend,  
*Mildred Hamblin.*

—  
FILLMORE,  
July 3rd, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I love to read the letters written by the boys and girls.

We moved to Fillmore this spring. Father bought a block and is preparing to build.

In making a new home, I find there is a great deal of work, even for a little boy to do. I always try to attend Sunday School, Primary and Deacons' Meeting. I know it is good for me to go where I can be taught by good men and women. In our Deacons' meeting the little boys take turns in praying. It was my turn last meeting.

I hope some day to write a better letter than this.

*Benjamin Black, Aged 10 years.*

—  
FILLMORE CITY,  
July 3rd, 1897.

DEAR LETTER BOX.—As I love to read the letters from the children I thought I would write one myself. Last December I was eight years old, and today I have been baptized. I feel better now, to think I am a member of the Church.

My mamma has six children, three boys and three girls. I am the oldest girl,

and do all I can to help mamma. She has taught me to wash dishes, sweep floors and tend our baby. He is eight months old. His name is Willis Eugene.

*Clo Black.*

—  
NEWLAND, NEV.

July 8th, 1897.

DEAR CHILDREN.—I have never written to the Little Folks' Letter-Box. So I thought I would write tonight and tell you who I am. I am a little girl 7 years old. I love to go school. My studies are second reader, arithmetic, grammar and spelling. I like to read all the little letters, and hope mine will be printed.

Your little friend,

*Alice J. Rice.*

—  
NEWLAND NEV.

July 6th, 1897.

DEAR CHILDREN.—As my sisters have written to the Letter-Box I thought I would write also. I am 10 years old, and can help my big brother with the milking. We milk six cows. And we have twenty little chickens which I like to feed morning and evening.

I love to go to school and my studies are, third reader, arithmetic, grammar, and spelling.

We walk a mile to school.

I am a new writer,

*Ira T. Rice.*

—  
DEAR LETTER-BOX.—As the Fourth of July came on Sunday this year, we went up the canyon on Monday, taking our picnic. We ate it under a shady tree. Then we played in the trees and bushes. Pa made a swing on a tree for us, and we had a good swing.

I like to read the JUVENILE.

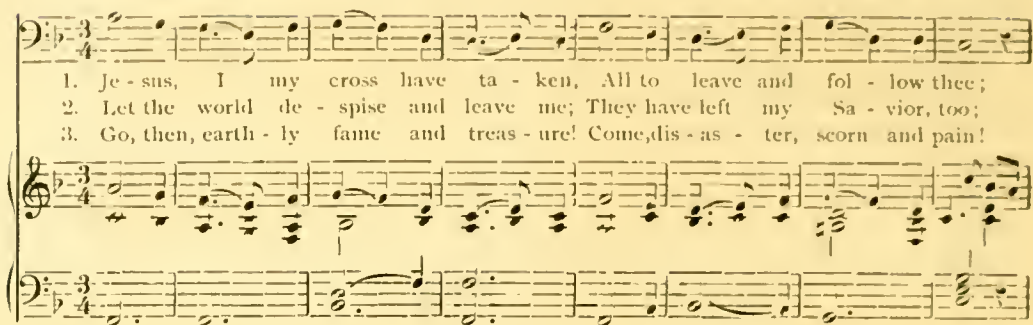
*Rachel Wilson, Age 11 years.*

HILSDALE, UTAH.

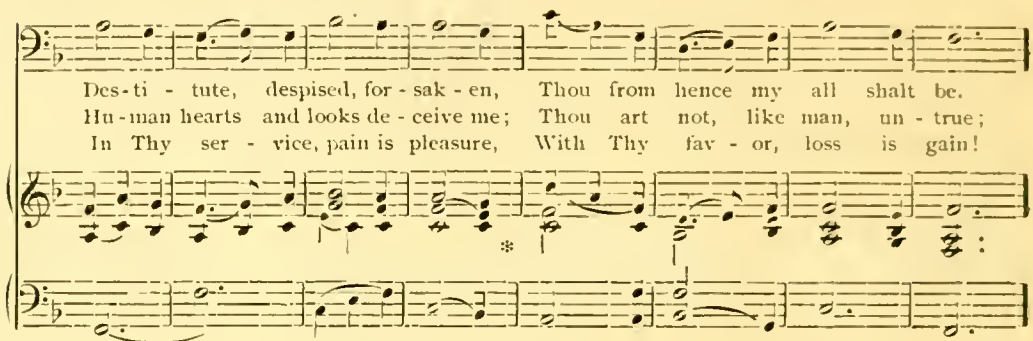
## JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

Words Selected.

Music by ALMA HARDY.

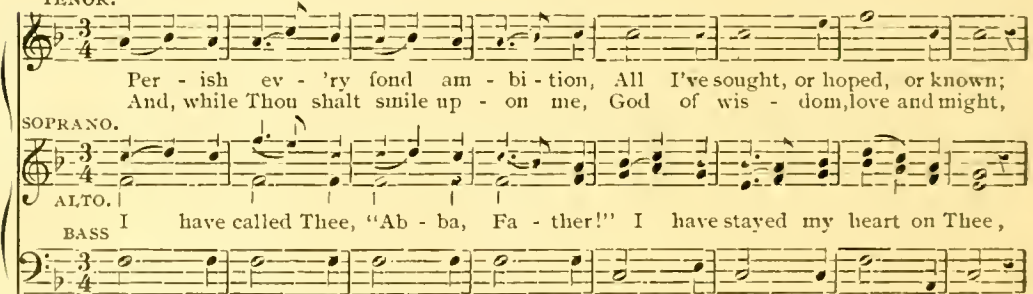


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee;  
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me; They have left my Sa - vior, too;  
 3. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain!



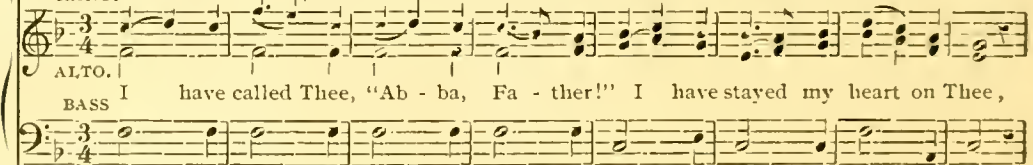
Des - ti - tute, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true;  
 In Thy ser - vice, pain is pleasure, With Thy fav - or, loss is gain!

TENOR.

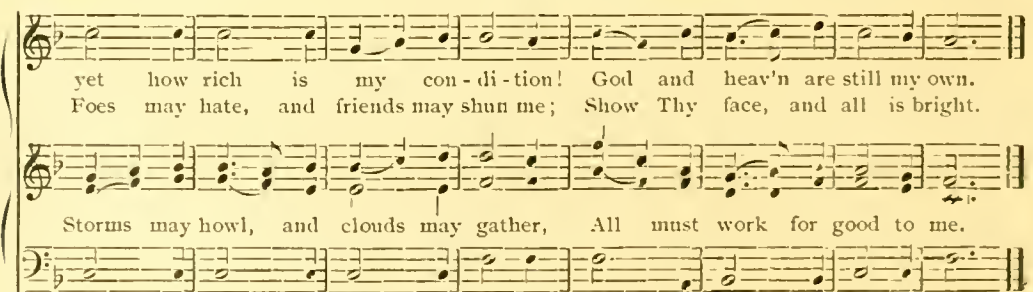


Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
 And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,

SOPRANO.



ALTO. I have called Thee, "Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" I have stayed my heart on Thee,  
 BASS



yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

\* Four measures may be played as Interlude before chorus.

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•DR•

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### CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JULY 26, 1897.

#### LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 12—For Bingham	7:50 a. m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:45 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	1:35 p. m.
No. 5—For Ogden and intermediate points	5:30 p. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.

#### ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:05 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:35 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and intermediate points	1:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:00 a. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

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Train No. 2 leaves Ogden 7:00 a. m., Salt Lake 8:05 a. m.; arrives at Pueblo 6:10 a. m., Colorado Springs 7:51 a. m., Denver 10:30 a. m., Cripple Creek 9:50 a. m.]

Train No. 4 leaves Ogden 6:35 p. m., Salt Lake 7:40 p. m. arrives at Pueblo 5:27 p. m., Colorado Springs 6:58 p. m., Denver 9:25 p. m.

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## LEAVE:

"The Overland Limited" for Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City..... 7 00 a.m.  
"The Fast Mail" for Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.... 6 25 p.m.

## ARRIVE:

"The Overland Limited" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City..... 3 10 p.m.  
"The Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver..... 3 30 a.m.

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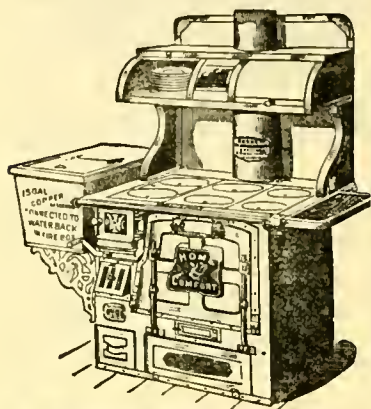
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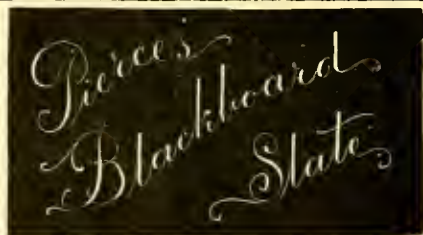
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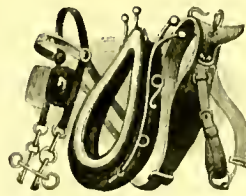
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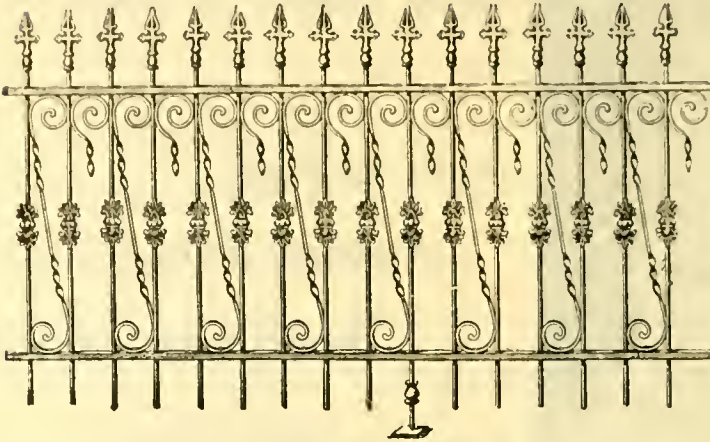
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The Saltair Baking Powder Co.,

Office 46 O'Meara Block.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Telephone 46.

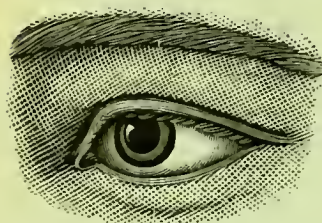
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